POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

By THEODORE O'HARA.

Pheedore O'Hara, Confederate soldier and poet, was born Feb. 11, 1820, in Kentucky, died, June 5, 1867, in Alabama. He was tall, slender, handsome and valorous. His by life was one of roving and adventure, and he took part in expeditions against a, besides serving with great gallantry in the Maxican War. The United States loyed him on several difficult diplomatic missions to South American States loh he accomplished with marked success. During the Civil War O'Hara served liantly on the statt of General John C. Brockentidge. From his grandfather, a di Irish wit and writer of farces, O'Hara inherited his personal charm and literary mis.

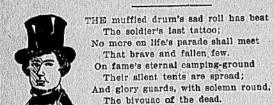
The Bivounc of the Dend was written fifty years ago upon the occasion of the real of Kentucky's dead from their graves in Mexico to their native State for last burial. The poem was read by O'Hara in the cometary at Frankfort, with little that he was writing his own fame for ages. It is said that every nations every in the United States has used some part of this poem, and at Washington whole poem is displayed, stanza by stanza, on marble slabs, arranged along the way.

pathway.

England has marked her Criman dend with a monument on which is carved the first stanza of this poem.

John A. Bucknes who was a friend of O'Hara's in his youth, declares this John A. Bucknes who was a friend of O'Hara's in his youth, declares this Joem to the conservered and unityersal martial elegy that the world has known."

The stout old chiefulan referred to is doubtless General Winfield Scott, who commanded the forces of the United States in the Moxican War.



No rumor of the foe's advance Now swells upon the wind; No troubled thought at midnight haunts Of loved ones left behind; No vision of the morrow's strife The warrior's dream alarms; No braying horn or screaming fife At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust, Their plum-ed heads are bowed; Their haughty banner, trailed in dust, Is now their martial shroud; And plenteous funeral tears have washed The red stains from each brow, And the proud forms, by battle gashed. Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade, The bugle's stirring blast, The charge, the dreadful cannonade, The din and shout, are past; Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal Shall thrill with flerce delight Those breasts that nevermore may feel The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane That sweeps his great plateau, Flushed with the triumph yet to gain, Comes down the serried foe. Who heard the thunder of the fray Break o'er the field beneath, Knew well the watchword of that day Was "Victory or death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged O'er all that stricken plain, For never flercer fight had waged The vengeful blood of Spain; And still the storm of battle blew, Still swelled the glory tide; Not long, our stout old chieftain knew. Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command Callod to a martyr's grave The flower of his beloved land, The nation's flag to save. By rivers of their father's gore His first-born laurels grew, And well he deemed the sons would pour Their lives for glory, too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept O'er Angostura's plain, And long the pitying sky has wept Above its mouldered slain. The raven's scream, or eagle's flight, Or shepherd's pensive lay Alone now wake each sullen height That frowned o'er that dark fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground, Ye must not slumber there, Where stranger steps and tongues resound Along the heedless air: Your own pround land's heroic soil Shall be your fitter grave; She claims from war its richest spoil-The ashes of her brave:

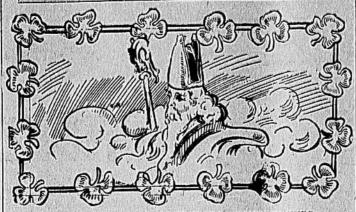
Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest. Far from the gory field, Borne to a Spartan mother's breast On many a bloody shield. The sunshine of their native sky Smiles sadly on them here, And kindred eyes and hearts watch by The heroe's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead! Dear is the blood ye gave, No impious footsteps here shall tread The herbage of your grave. Nor shall your glory be forgot While Fame her record keeps, Or honor points the hallowed spot Where Valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's voiceless stone In deathless song shall tell, When many a vanished age hath flown, The story how ye fell; Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight, Nor Time's remorseless doom. Shall dim one ray of holy light That gilds your glorious tomb.

rais aeries began in The Times-Duspatch Sunday, October 11, 1808. One is published each day

ST. PATRICK.



OF THE GOOD SAINT-

Cold, blustry weather has prevailed so often in this part of the world on St. Patrick's day that the time set aside for honoring that good saint has become provorbial for its inclemency; indeed, bad wonther seems part and parcel of the

wonther seems part that day.

Cold, gray skies, spits of snow, occasional glimpses of slanting sunshine, bitting winds, frowning cloud banks soudding across the heavens, the green of the snamrock seen on every devout Catholic, processions, bands playing "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," suppers, speeches, toasts—this is a picture, in brief, of the Patrick's Day.

of St. Patrick's Day.
Says a Catholic writer, "among the saintly cohort of Christian soldiers none stand higher than St. Patrick, the Apostle

stand higher than St. Patrick, the Apostic of Ireland."

But the time and place of birth of Patricius, the patron saint of Ireland, are in dispute. Some ancient writers have averred that he was a native of Scotland, but, research, the most authentic, generally concedes him to be a native of Boulogne-sur-Mor. France. Herny Moriey says he was born in 460 and died in 493, making the age of the saint, when he died, 88 years. Some writers put his birth in the year 372, some in 377. His age at the time of his death has been variously given as 78. 88 and even 120 years. He undoubtedly attained a good old age, and was born, most probably in the latter part of the fourth, or the early part of the fifth century. One writer declares he died in 465, but from a Catholic source I have it that he "died peacefully on Wednesday, March 17th, A. D. 465."

Irish and turned them from the worship of spectres and idols. He was filled with a boundless love and as a distinguished "Perhaps nothing human had so large an influence in the con-version of the Irish as the personal char-

acter of her Apostle."

Bone incidents in the life or St. Patrick may be of general interest at this season of the year.

At the age of 16. St. Patrick and two sisters, were taken captive by banditti or pirates and brought to Ireland from Brittany, France. Here he served several masters. By one of his masters he was set to tending sheep among the mountains. While engaged in this occupation he affirms that he said one hundred prayers by day, and almost as many by night; that he rose before day to his prayers, in the snow, in the frost, in the sain."

One of his masters, whose name I cannot recall, had a vision one night in which he saw St. Patrick on fire; the flames were about to selze his master but were repelled and communicated to his two little daughters, who were burned and their ashes scattered over Iraland. On being requested to interpret the dream St. Patrick said "the fire was the faith with which he was illuminated and which he would preach to him, but which he would preach to him, but which he would preach to him, but which he would preach in the said the would preach to him, but which he buld ropel; but his daughters would be-ve, and their ashes would be carried or Ireland and give health to the in-

over Ireland and give health to the infirm."

After six years a voice said to St. Patrick, "Bohold a ship is ready for you."
He found the ship, escaped from Ireland, and once there landed in Brittany,
France, ueing made captive again.

A hormit who lived in an Island in the
Mediteranean Sea presented him with a
staff of Jesus, or crozler.

THE BANISHMENT OF SNAKES.
He again landed in Ireland in 432, where
he encountered the Druids at Tara. It
was while on Mount Eagle or CroaghPatrick that he was assailed by demons
or victous creatures.
Jocelyn says "to this place he gathered together the several tribes of serpents and venomous creatures and drove
thom headlong into the Western ocean,
and that from henceforth proceeded the
exemption which Ireland enjoys from all
polsonous reptiles."

Koating in his History of Ireland, says

ous reptiles."
ting, in his History of Ireland, says polsonous reptiles."

Keating, in his History of Ireland, says there were no venomous scrpents in Ireland at the time of St. Parlek, and this accounts for it, says a writer: "Niul, the son of Finius, the King of Capaciron, who married Scota, daughter of the King of Egypt, had by her a son named Gaidhal. Moses, in his flight from Pharcah encumped near Niul's and a friondship sprang up between them. A scrpent having bit Gaidhal, Moses cured ...m and forstold that wherever his posterity should linhabit go venomous creature would have any power and the Irish being descended from him are free from the pests."

I believe that it is claimed that scrpents taken to Ireland, very soon dic. There are no moles in Ireland. It is said that Scottish gentlemen import Irish carth to put in their gardens to kill moles. Frogs, however, when brought to Ireland, of Crete and some other

moles. Frogs, however, when brought to Ireland, appear to get along very well.

The Island of Crete and some other places are, it is said, free from reptiles, due to soil and climate.

Rothe says "that while in Malta serpents and other venomous reptiles retain life and motion and lose only their poisonous powers, but in Ireland they can neither hurt nor exist, inasmuelt as not only the soil, but the climate and atmosphere are unto them instant death."

The legend is that St. Patrick freed Ireland from serpents and loads. The peasants at the Lake for Killarney say that when the labors of St. Patrick were drawing to a close, one big serpent refused to emigrate, remaining to haunt the romantic shores of Killarney; that St. Patrick took a great oaken chest with bolts to secure the lid, and, going on a bright morning to the lake, found the recalcitrant snake lying in the sunlight, onticed his snakeship into the box, which he averred would be a cozy shelter for him, and shut down the lid. The serpent begged to be released, but St. Patrick roppled, "Be alsy, I'll let you out to-morrow," saying which, he cast the box into the lake, but the fishermen declare that ever afterward they hear the voice of the sea are caused by the writhing of this serpent and that the murmur of the sea is the voice of the searnt to release him. While writing this hasty article I remember that my little boy came to income one occasion and showed me a humorous account of how St. Patrick banished the snakes from Ireland; which account he had read in "Affoat in the Forest," by Captain Wayne Reid. I have written

so much about snakes that the very air seems filled with sibilant sounds.

Tradition says that when St. Patrick was sold as a youth into Ireland, an old kettle was the price paid for him, who was to spread the light of Christianity in Ireland. The story about this kettle is that when it was filled with water and put on the fire that instead of the water becoming heated it got colder and colder, as the fire was increased. When St. Patrick prayed over the kettle it resumed its usual boiling powers.

Once St. Patrick was proceeding in a charlot and it became known to his charloteer that some one had planned to waylay and murder the saint. Under pretense of fatigue the driver induced St. Patrick to take the reins, so that the assassin thrust his sword into the body off the failiful servant, whom he mistook for the saint.

On another occasion the captain of a band of bandittl intended to kill St. Patrick, but the good saint baffled his design and converted him. When the bandit asked what form of ponance he ought to undergo, St. Patrick told him to quit Ireland and to trust himself alone to the mercy of the waves in a frail leathern boat, which he did, and was finally landed on the Isle of Man, where he arcse to the bishopric of the island.

THE SHAMROCK.

We are all familiar with the stories about how the thistle became to be the insigna of Scotland; how, when the Danes were making a night attack on the Scotch, one of the former stepped on a thistle and orled out in pain, thus giving the alarm to the Scotch, who fell upon the enemy and completely routed them; of how the Britons, under King Cadwallader, wore, at the instance of St. David, leeks on their capit in order to distinguish themselves from the enemy, and how the Scotch one of the former stepped on a thistle and orled out in pain, thus giving the alarm to the Scotch, who fell upon the enemy and completely routed them for how the Britons, under King Cadwallader, wore, at the instance of St. David, leeks on their capit in order to distinguish themselves from th

THE LEIST PEOPLE.

While writing of St. Patrick, whose name is so interwoven with the Irish people, I cannot refrain from taking this opportunity of paying, in my feeble way, a brief tribute to the sens of the Emerald Isle. One thing I admire about the Irish peo-

When gloomy spirits are on the eve o When gloomy spirits are on the eve of settling down upon us like a dismat fog, is it possible to find a botter anti-dote for the "blue devlis" than to read one of those rollicking stories of Lover or Lever?—such as "Handy Andy," "Hory O'More," etc.; the only serious consequence being the danger of splitting our sides and coats with laughter, as we read them. Say I, keep them in your library, and label them "Blue Devil Dispoliers."

read them. Say I, keep them in your ilbrary, and label them "Blue Dovil Dispoliers."

Her illustrious sons are too numerous for us to enumerate. We shall mention only a few that flash up in our memory. Sometimes we are prone to think of some of Ireland's heroes as Englishmen. To tell the truth, paradoxical as it may seem, a great many of England's great men are Irishmen.

There is Lord Wellington, the hero of Waterloo; Lord Roberts, or "Bobs," as Kipling delights in calling him; Robert Emmet, whose famous address will never be forgotten, and so on.

And, as to her poets; was there ever a sweeter singer than Goldsmith?" says William Makepeace Thackersy. Had Ireland produced him only, and he had written no other work than the "Deserted Village," or that charming formance, "The Vicar of Wakefield," which Lord Byron said is one of the best in the English language, Ireland would have reason to be proud.

Then there is Balfe, the composer of that tuneful open, "The Bohemian Girl." How many of us are indebted to this Irish musician for delightful hours spent in listening to Clara Louise Kellogg warble, as only she could warble, the lovely melodies from this melodious opera. How many of us, even now, recall the ineffable delight with which we heard Kellogg, when she was in the zenith of her lyric powers, sing those beautiful lines set to music yet more beautiful.

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and sorts at my side,
And of all who assembled in those walls
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count—could
boast
Of a high, ancestral name,
And I also dreamed, which charmed me
most.

That you loved me still the same."

most.

That you loved me still the same."

Then, there is the smile of the little Irish maiden—none is sweeter, so "its said. Hearts of oak can but soften under its magic influence.

God bless Ireland! I trust the day may not be far distant when a rosy flush on the horizon may give promise to "a sunrise spendid" for these oppressed people; that there may be a dawn of great liberty, a palpable amelioration of their condition.

What a galaxy of bright stars stud their history! If our Irish friends have their faults, these faults are more than compensated for by their virtues. They are an impulsive people, but are joily, good-humored, and whole-souled to the core. As some one has said they are "oasy to be drawn, but impossible to be driven." But why should we, with feehlo pen, essay to praise this noble people?—for, were we to hunt through whole libraries and select the choicest words to be found in the English language, in our endeavor to find words of encomium for the Irish people, we could not do better than quote from one of her sweetest and most musical singers, the sparkle and glitter of whose words are inferior only to the luster shed nightly by those jewels in the firmannent above. Nay, a more beautiful tribute was never paid to the Irish people than when dear Tom Moore wrote:

Rich and rare were the gems she were, And bright, gold rings on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was far beyond Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and lonely through this bleak

"Lady: down and lonely through this bleas."
So tone and lonely through this bleast way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm, No son of Erin will offer me harm— For though they love woman and golden

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It was inadvertently stated recently that Mr F. C. Brauer, Jr., was elected president of the Union Stock Yards. It should have stated that Mr. F. C. Brauer, Sr., was chosen presi-

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